## Lawgivers of Essex Market. \*\*\*

WAYS OF THE BARRISTERS BEYOND THE BOWERY.

The New York Bar Association meets once a month and has its code of ethics. The Essex Bar Market Association meets every day, including Sundays and holidays -and has its code of ethics

Members of the New York Bar Association often collect a fortune for a single fee. front porch of the only temple of justice of Members of the Essex Market Bar Association have been known to try a case for a

drink-but that was on a cold day. Take a Second avenue elevated train any morning of these brief November days and get off at Grand street, about the hour when the sun, rising above the housetops, is chasing the fog out of the Ghetto; walk eastward to Essex street and turn the corper to the left and you will be in time to see the Essex Market barristers assembling on the steps of the court house.

THE PICKET LINE.

to solicit business, but to let a guilty man escape is just ground for impeachment. Button your overcoat, battle your way through the picket line, if you are brave and you will find the grave and reverend

seigniors of the association waiting on the

which a great part of the East Side knows anything.

ROSEY THE LAWYER. There is Rosey the Lawyer, president and dean of the guild. Look over the heads of the tall ones and around the swelling fronts of the fat ones, look sharp and you'll be sure to find him-little, but

Measure him as he stands with the tallest of silk hats and the highest of high-heeled boots, measure him from the top of the one to the bottoms of the others, and how much have you got left on your five-foot Whether you approach the dusky drab tape? Six inches? Pretty near it. How many retaining fees do you suppose old prison by that route or any other, you



ROSEY THE LAWYER

will have to pass the lines of a vigilant | there are sparkling in that gleaming company of scouts, pickets, outrunners headlight, riveted fast in Rosey's shirt and pullers-in, ready to challenge and take front an inch and a haif above the hole captive anything and anybody that looks that the shirtmaker bored for it? How like a client Every corner, every alley, many more are represented in the dapper

It isn't against the ethics of Essex Market that stretches from one pocket to another

front an inch and a haif above the hole

white waistcoat and the huge yellow cable

we went, which was Memphis, an' then he'd an' take some other boat the rest o' the way, an' then wait for us at Memphis on the way home. He didn't useter have much to say to nobody on the boat. Just set around on deck an' looked at the river, an' smoked a little, but I come to know him tol'able well.

night. So I were just naturally a good deal took back when I see him watching a big game one night, as eager as any of the others that was lookin on, an'they was several besides him, for it were a game to interest anybody that know anything

pein' two professionals in it, an' the others bein' rank suckers, but 'twa'n't nobody's

"One o' these boys—they wa'n't sca'cely more'n boys—was a good-lookin' young chap they called L'Estrange, that seemed to be a sort o' ring-leader among 'em. He played a good game, too.

"This here Couturier, as I was sayin', was lookin' on, mighty interested, for a long time, but he hadn't said nothin', havin' no call to speak o' course, as he wasn't

good place for L'Estrange to lay down, an' I'm free to say that I'd ha' done it.

in the pot.
"Farrelly seen he was beat, but he raised it a thousand, an' it were plain they was goin' to run the cross-cut. Quinn, he didn't say nothin', but he put up two thou-

across the isthmus of Rosey's waistband. How many prosperous pleadings flash on those agile fingers as they wave with frantic eloquence before the Magistrate sitting wherever possible. No sum is too small and none too lafge to enlist the interest of the learned barristers.

And if there's no money to be had, an overcoat, a ring, a watch and chain, any overcoat, a ring, a watch and chain, any

These things are milestones and monuments of a long career, for the black has turned to gray in many a hair and whisker since Rosey came to Essex street. How he keeps the silver streaks out of his own. raven poll is his own secret, but certain it is that night itself is not darker than his curling locks.

THE SECRETARY.

Not far from Rosey and not far behind him in the profession is the Hon. J. Choate Pearlman, secretary of the association and sure to be its president if he outlives



BABEL.

Rosey: but that's a question, and anyhow it's a long way off.

Joe Levy, the Duke of Essex street, is in the group, close by his partner, the Hon.
J. Choate Pearlman. Not a lawyer himself is the Duke, but a mighty limb of the law, and he would be a rash man who would attempt to say which member has contributed more to the renown and success.

There are contingent fees, too, in Essex Market. Here is a small shopkeeper up for stealing a box of soap. It's \$50 to his counsel if ne goes clear, nothing if he is held for trial.

The complainant witness has counsel, too, and for him it's only \$5 in any event, and he has the \$5 already.

What can these pure doctors of the law be whispering together about so confidentially? And how comes it that the case against the defendant suddenly halts and staggers and falls down from sheer ributed more to the renown and success of the firm—the Joe who grabs the clients, like opportunity, on the wing, or the Joe who invokes justice for them with the voice and front of Jupiter himself.

THE LINCOLNS INN OF ESSEX STREET. Look across the way to the grim old brick row that shields from Grand to Broome streets, and behold the offices of Rosey and the Hon. J. Choate Pearlman, and some of the other greater lights of the associa-tion, including that of Pete the Barber, the curls and shaves them and sprinkles how with the fragrance of new-mown hav. That they are all attorneys and counselure at law must surely be true, for the fact is sated not only in English, which has a mited vogue in the neighborhood, but lso in pure Hebrew, Yiddish, Polish, Ger-

also in pure Hebrew, Yiddish, Polish, German and other tongues blown to these shores on the eastern winds.

But offices in buildings are more or less expensive. Come back to the steps of the court house and you will find the office of many an Essex Market barrister resting on top of his head to keep off the chilly wind.

If he has much respect for his professions

wind

If he has much respect for his profession, it will be made of silk, though it need not necessarily have come from the factory more recently than the year 1879. Many a law practice thrives and supports a pro-digious family with no other official home than the headgear of the practitioner. THE CLIENTS.

But the clients are coming. Rosey has his and the Hon. J. Choate Pearlman and all the other great men have theirs. The runners have been driving them in, those who are still at large, and the court officers have rounded up another bunch inside, fresh from a night in the cells.

It's a cash transaction that takes place. It's a cash transaction that takes place,

overcoat, a ring, a watch and chain, anything that is negotiable at a pawnshop, will not be despised.

Rosey has not forgotten the day long ago when he, defending a man accused of stealing a chicken, took the fowl for a fee and left it on storage in Silver Dollar Smith's icebox, and, returning for it later, found that it had passed beyond the state where it could properly or safely be used for human nourishment. But the men who can stick Rosey with bad chickens or plugged coin are rare. There is no other similar case on record.

SAMPLE CASES.

"Hats off in Court!"

The Judge is on the bench. Here comes a woman who has been fined \$10 for disorderly conduct. She doesn't understand much English and is about to go to jail because she doesn't realize that she may keep out of it by paying \$10.

One of the lawyers will keep her free. Watch him "Hats off in Court!"

Watch him.

"How much haf you godt?" he asks her.

"Dwenty dollars."

"Gif it to me kevick, und I git you owit

on de wridt."
"Vhadt wridt?"
"Neffer mindt. Gif me de dwenty." "Neffer mindt. Gif me de dwenty."
And he takes the \$20, pays the woman's fine and pockets the balance.
Another prisoner is accused of stealing a watch. See it in the picture in Rosey's eloquent south paw.

Morris Blumenthal thought that was his case. His runner was in the police station, when the man was arrested and

Morris Bumenthal thought the was his case. His runner was in the police station when the man was arrested and Morris was engaged as counsel. But Rosey's runner has seen the prisoner's family meanwhile.

"He's my gliendt," screams Morris.

"All righdt. Take him," says Rosey.

"I've got der dollar und a hel uf."

And so he has. Morris has the client; Rosey has the fee. You will observe, too, that Rosey has the watch. that Rosey has the watch.

SETTLED OUT OF COURT. There are contingent fees, too, in Essex



released while the man who says he was robbed is sent off with the wrath of the Court ringing in his ears?

Court ringing in his ears?
Can it be, as the veteran court reporter suggests, that counsel for the defense has agreed to divide that \$50 with counsel for the plaintiff? Well, if it is so, there'll be no scandal about it in the Essex Market Bar Association.
So they clear the calendar. All the morn-

DIPLOMAS.

Then the members of the bar are ready for their consulting clients. Go over to their office and have a look at the copious

Whence came those sheep-kins? You day.

ing the ravings of the lawyers, the mutterings of the prisoners, the babel of many woices talking all at once and the stern rebukes of the wearied Court, firmly convinced that all men and not a few women are liars, rise on the heavy air.

When it is all over, the lawyers and the runners disperse to the neighboring saloons and offices. The money jingles in the pockets of the members of the Essex Market Bar Association.

DIPLOMAS.

"Here, take back your watch and \$50 to boot and fail to identify him."

And it's the robbed man, thus bribed, who goes to court the next morning, and with a great rubbing of hands and elevating of shoulders says:

"I couldn't be sure, Meester Judge. I couldn't say it was heem done idt."

If there is any one around the court who remembers a case in which such a thief was convicted he isn't known to the other old hands who gather at the bar there every ands who gather at the bar there every



THE MORNING ROUND-UP.

don't recognize the law school mentioned don't recognize the law school mentioned in that parchment?
How singular! It cost the learned counsellor as much as \$80 to get that certificate of professional fitness, and the course he took at the law school up the Hudson may have lasted as long as ten days. Strange you have never heard of it.
What a vast collection of law books!
Was there ever a Fish and Game Commission report or a charties year book that didn't flud its way to these shelves? CITING A PRECEDENT.

Your East Sider is a great litigant. Let the wind of a trolley car Libw off his hat and That's why this long-bearded patriarch is knocking at the door of Isidor Polinsky. He has no sooner stated his case than Isidor calls out to the office boy:

"Rey, git me der New York repordt fer

1884."
He turns the leaves of a railroad com-"Here it is! Readt it for vourselluf," exclaims Isidor. "A case just lige yours, and I got my gliendt \$5,000 demeches."

Of course, the old man cannot read Euglish, so Isidor's story goes, and a retaining fee of \$75 is soon warming the inside pocket aget the lawyer's heart. next the lawyer's heart.

PICKPOCKETS' GUILD.

Go into the tough saloons of the heighbor-hood and you will find another class of clients who bring their grist to the Essex Market Bar Association to be ground. Sleek, glittering little gentry, quick of eye and deft of hand. Look out for your watch and your pocketbook while they odds against their being caught

have been proved by experience to be great. But they are organized for protection, all the same.

When one of them is arrested its the

The Essex Market bar has a proper pride in itself. To prove that it is all right its members will tell you of all the great men





:........ MEN GOING TO CHURCH MORE.

The merits of the

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tributed to gain for it

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while its extraordinary

durability, as demon-

strated for almost half a

century in thousands of

homes, institutions, col-

leges and schools, won

"The Old Reliable."

Warerooms, 136 Fifth Av., N. Y.

for it the name of

And My! How They Are Being Welcomed by the Pastors and the Deacons.

The men are going to church more than they used to do and are met by the church authorities with open arms, figuratively if not literally. A certain church which attracts a good many men outsiders to its services is giving week-night social functions which are calculated to bring the masculine waifs and strays together and cement bonds of interest.

Musicals and lectures on stirring subjects are arranged. Private invitations to the minister's home are extended in some instances. And one church has a series of dinners planned whereat the young men strangers to the city or to churchgoing ways, may have a chance to share the benefits of cheerful intercourse under inviting conditions.

This eagerness with which the prospective men converts are welcomed and encouraged in contrast with the somewhat lukewarm interest taken in the casual woman worshipper, reminds one of the women of the decree that there shall be more rejoicing over the one sinner that repenteth and turneth from his ways than over the whole ninety and nine that have been good all the time and are already safe.

Last Sunday night after service, the minister of one of the churches that is making a special appeal to men, took his post near the entrance door of the centre aisle to greet the outgoing congregation. He is a man of striking personality, he had preached a strong sermon and many of the women parishioners and casual visitors also were plainly anxious to shake hands with him and have a word bestowed on

them. But he passed them along with only the briefest nod to reach over with outstretched hand and say: "Glad to see you, stretched hand and say: "Glad to see you, she" to every man who passed. Most of CAN THIS BE A BURGUAR?
who have been heard pleading in the old court for a generation back.

"Why," said one of the Grand street lawyers the other day, "I once seen Joseph H. Choate and Edward M. Shepard practicin' at this here bar"—which is plenty good enough English for Essex Market.

stretched hand and say: "Glad to see you, sir." to every man who passed. Most of the casual male visitors looked surprised at the courtesy and some almost embarrassed. "Come on, let's go," said a merry-faced girl, who, with a woman friend, had been waiting in one of the pews. "It's the men they're making up to, women don't count in a congregation. They're the usual thing. But when men come to church it's time to tak e notice."

## **D**OKER GAME WITH A ROMANCE IN IT.

It Was Played on a Mississippi Steamboat Long Ago and a Minister Saw Fair Play.

"Tain't no use, I reckon," said Caleb
Mix, the veteran bartender on the Mississippi River packet, City of Natchez, "fr
anybody what ain't spent a heap o' time on anybody what ain't spent a heap o' time on the river, to try to understand what the Mississippi reely is.

"I've heer'd some o' them tagh-flown talkers call it 'the Father o' Waters,' an' while there don't seem to be no great sense into a name like that, I don't know but what it's a tol'able good name after all. I reckon there ain't no river on earth that's just like it. Leastways, I never heer'd on it, if there is, an' most likely I'd heer'd some talk on it, if there was.

'Tain't so much that it's big. O' course it is big, but that ain't it. An' 'tain't so much that it's pretty, though there be places along the upper river as is prettier 'n any chromo I ever seen, special of a moonlight night when the little waves is dancin' an' shinin' like sparklers in a gambler's shirt, an' the great glare o' the boat's headlight shines along for ard.

'Some o' them big cliffs up there looks a thousand feet high when you sail along under 'eman' the moon is right overhead But 'tain't the beauty on it, though there's

'Pears like there was some kind of a Voodoo spell cast on the old Mississipp' long afore white men ever seen it, an' it's a hangin' over it yet. An' there's mighty few people travels the river without feelin' queer magic, whether they knows it or not. Even if a man on'y takes one trip down f'm say St. Louis or Cairo to New Orleans, he's likely to do things afore he gets off'n the boat what he wouldn't never do to home. An' if he travels it often there ain't no tellin'

what he may do. "There was one old gentleman that useter take a trip reg'lar twice a year f'm Baton Rouge clean to St. Paul and back, 'way along 'fo' the wah. He were a preacher when I knowed him, an' useter preach in a little 'Piscopal Church back in the country somewhere, but they told that when he was a young man he were about the wildest young blade in New Orleans.

"He come o' the best family, or one o' the best, in Louisiana, an' were as rich as most any o' 'em, but he wa'n't no credit to 'em 'count o' bein' a gambler, an' a tol'able hard drinker besides, an' havin' other failin's that nobody talked about. His name were Couturier, an' he were a handsome old feller when I knowed him, with black eyes an' snow white hair, an' a highmighty way with him that made him look seven foot high. They said he were monstrous fine looking when he were a young man, an' were the devil with women. " 'Pears he fell in love with a Creole gal

best Creole families, an' there were a terrible mix-up somehow. I never got the rights of it, but she died, an' he went to preachin', which were the last thing anybody that knowed him thought he'd do but he did it.

"He were a good enough preacher, too, 's fur's I ever knowed, an' folks said he were well liked at home, but 'pears he'd get restless about once in so often an' he'd get restless about once in so often an' he'd have to get away an' when them spells

didn't say nothin', but he put up two thousand left, an' it he looked like he'd enjoy talkin' to some body, I took the liberty o' sayin' to him 't he'd took tol'able big chances interferin' with two such men as them Vicksburg gamblers.

"Call him,' was all he said, but t was so still in the saloon, an' his voice was so deep an' strong that it soundeds like a gun, an' everybody jumped.

"L'Estrange looked at the pot, an' then looked like he'd enjoy talkin' to some body, I took the liberty o' sayin' to him 't he'd took tol'able big chances interferin' with two such men as them Vicksburg gamblers.

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"Userrange looked at the pot, an' then looked like he'd took tol'able body, I took the liberty o' sayin' to him' the' dook tol'able body, I took the liberty o' sayin' to him' the' dook tol'able body, I took the liberty o' sayin' to him' the' dook tol'able body, I took the liberty o' sayin' to him' the' dook tol'able body, I took the liberty

that wa'n't quite up to the mark o' the

knowed how to make it.

"Twa'n't often 't he'd spend any time in the saloon, an' when he did he never uster seem to take no interest in the card gamesthat was mostly al'ays goin' on every night. So I were just naturally a good deal took back when I see him watchin'

to interest anyhody that know anything about stud poker.

"That was what they was playin' an' there was six of 'em in the game. They was all high rollers, too, for they was playin' with ten-dollar gold pieces for chips. There wa'n't no bet less'n ten, an' a good many was well up in the hundreds.

"It were the usual sort o' game, there pein' two professionals in it, an' the others bein' rank suckers, but 'two'n't nobody's

nein' two professionals in it, an' the others bein' rank suckers, but 'twa'n't nobody's business to interfere 'thouten the cap'n o' the boat seed fit, an' there wa'n't many cap'ns them days as had any great objections to a gentleman amusin' hisself any way he l'ked on board the boats.

"Them two gamblers, Farrelly an' Quinn their names was, come f'm Vicksburg, an' they was counted two o' the best on the river at that time. They was dandies, like most o' the first-class professionals an' never had no trouble gettin' into a game, bein' slick talkers an' behavin' theirselves al'ays like gentlemen, leastways as long asthere wa'n't no disturbance in the game.

"The others was all young fellows. I heer'd they was college men goin' North, as a good many young men did them days for a college education, when they had money enough, an' there wan't no question but what these bloods had money. They was all drinkin' wine, an' just naturally the more they drinked the easier they was for Farrelly an' Quinn.

for Farrelly an' Quinn.
"One o' these boys—they wa'n't sca'cely

long time, but he hadn't said nothin', havin' no call to speak, o' course, as he wasn't playin'. He stood behind L'Estrange, an' I'm where he stood I reckon he could maybe see what card L'Estrange had buried, a good bit o' the time.

"Bimeby L'Estrange begin to lose. Quinn called him on a big bluff when he had two aces showin', an' Quinn had two pair, an' then Farrelly made him lay down on a possible straight, when all Farrelly had showin' was a pair o' eights. 'Peared like he were losin' confidence, an' losin' money at the same time.

"Come a time when it looked like a mighty good place for L'Estrange to lay down,

'specially when Quinn put up five hundred, which he did. But L'Estrange, he hesi-tated a little, an' then put his five hundred

come, as I was sayin', he'd al'ays travel was speakin'. He were as much surprised like he was thinkin' o' some other things the river. \*He'd al'ays stake the Creole Bene that looked at Mr. Continue, were a little was workin' on, them days, an' go as far as satisfied 't they wan't no impudence meant, satisfied 't they wan't no impudence meant, about that.

more, but finally he pushes in his pile with-lout sayin' nothin' an' that, o' course, finishes the play on that band. There wa'nt nothin' for Farrelly to do but to lay down. He were beat, an all Quinn could do under the rules was to take out his rake-off.

ip, as nasty as I ever hear'd a man speak an' he says:

"I don't know anything that's good enough for a dog that'll stick his nose into a game he an't playin, 'houten 'is to cut his cars off 'says'he. 'Do you know sir, that your dam'd impudence has cost me cycle \$6.002.

sir, that your dam'd impudence has cost me over \$8,000?"

"Mr. Couturier looked at him a good deal like a big dog looks at a little one that snarls at him, but I seen the veins in his neck beginnin' to swell up, an' I says to myself that if he wa'n't a good deal better preacher than I give him credit for, there'd likely to a good house right quick

likely be a rough house right quick. "Anyhow, he speaks mighty cool an' contemptuous. 'I see no reason to feel sorry for that,' he says, 'Such people as you an' your pal,' he says, 'can't expect to have it all your own way all the time.'

"When he says 'pal' Farrelly and Quinn both jumps up an' Farrelly pulls his gun, but Quinn, that I thought would be the first to shoot, he just makes a pass at Mr. Couturier with his fist that'd likely ha' knocked him out if it had landed, on'y it didn't L'Estrange youngster was a good

one. He jumped as quick as the others an' he paraket Quinn's blow, an' got over the ta' le somehow, scramblin' like a cat an' grabbed Farrel y by the wrist before he could shoot. he could shoot.

"I reckon 't this here is my fight,' he yells. 'Come on, boys.' An' he lets out a queer whoop with all sorts o' words twisted up into it, an' the other three youngsters, they whoops with him. sayin' the same words like they was all talkin' through the same trumpet to oncot. They told me afterward it were a sort o' college call, like 'Hey Rube' in a circus, on'y longer an' meant for all the college men to stand together.

together.
"But they didn't lose no time hollerin' While they was doin' that they was all fightin' like wildcats, an' fore they was through Quinn an' Farrelling was the worst licked men I ever seen without ro weapons bein' used.

bein' used.
"Mr. Couturier he clinched his fists, an was just goin' to jump in an' take some of it his own self, but when he seen them four boys jump, he sort o' pulled hisself together an' stood back, sayin' nothin' but smilin' as quiet an' cool as if he'd been christenin'

"Well, there wa'n't no more poker that

might, an' L'Estrange got his winnin's an' him an' his pals made a night of it. They wa'n't none of 'em hurt much, but the two gamblers was glad to get to bed. "I took Mr. Couturier's toddy to his room same as usual that night, an' seein' that he looked like he'd enjoy talkin' to some-body, I took the liberty o' sayin' to him't he'd took tol'able big chances interferin' with two such men as them Vicksburg

like the quality allays talks among them-selves no matter how they may cuss their niggers, or how high mighty they may be when they talks to anybody that ain't when they talks to anybody that ain't

WON AT A MILLION TO ONE. A Strange Happening When His Owner

Was Backing Him fer Only 83. From the New O-leans Times-Democrat They had been speaking of rather marilous things in a betting way, big winnings nd big losses at the various racecourses I the country how they had won and loss fortunes and all that sort of thing

"That reminds me of John King's story of the bet he made in Ireland." said a member the group, "and for the benefit of these who are not acquainted with King I want to say he is no myth. John King is a real, live, pulsing man, and his home is in west Tennessee. He is a native of Jackson, but Jackson was too slow for him, and he began to roam around the country. He was never a very poor man except on the occasion which ave in mind, and the wheel of fortune turned the right way for him at a critical moment in his history. I heard him tell the story one night in Memphis when a crowd of fellows had been telling all sorts of marvellous stories about winnings and losings very much like

you boys are doing now. As I remembe the story, John King, told it is this way the story, John King, told it is this way:

"I was down in my luck," he said, and had gone to the cloth on an old "skate." I was racing around at the different tracks. I couldn't win anything. Luck was dead against me. But I kept entering my horse just the same. Well, to drop some of the uninteresting details which lead up to the event. I went to Ireland and entered my old horse for the last time. Of course, I stood no chance to win against some of the horses entered, but I just wanted to see one more run for old time's sake. There were 157 horses in the race. My skate was marked up on the boards at 1,000,000 to 1. I had three between me and the cloth. I put it up, knowing that I would lose it, but just as a matter of sentiment, and to be game, which is every sportsman's ambition, I put up my money just the same. Then I went about my business. I paid no attention to the race.

about my business. I paid no attention to the race. "I had gone down to a little ferry to cross the river, and was standing there meditating on the uncertainty of things earthly when a fellow came rushing up to me. He said it was the funniest thing he had ever seen. I asked him to wake up, and reminded him that the situation was anything but funny. Drop the pipe and wake up, I said, but he kept laughing. Finally he managed to tell me the story: 'Funniest thing I ever saw,' he said, one hundred and fifty-six of those horses got wedged in between the fence and the railing and couldn't move a hoof. They were jammed like sardines in a box. Behind there was an old 'skate," gallopeing along at a snail's pace. Well, sir, when he got to that crowd of horses he just jumped over 'em, kept on around the track, galloped in under the wire and won the money. And think of it—he was selling at 1,000,000 to 1. I ruined the seat of my pants kicking myself, but it just shows you how a man's luck will run. There I was with my horse winning at last, and I only had \$3 up on him. Hardest luck I ever had. 'Once more for a night-cap,' said a cadaverous looking chap as he rolled two kings out of the box, and in a short while the veracity club had closed the session."

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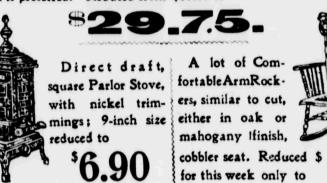
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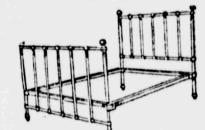
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Four-tube Nickel, Bronze Gas Radiators, \$2.98. \$2.48. BOOKCASES, CHINA CLOSETS, EXTENSION TABLES, AT LOW PRICES.



Substantial IRON BED, with extended footboard, brass mounts and knobs, all sizes at the same price-

3 ft. -3.6-4 ft. -4.6,

Cash or Liberal Credit.

Customers may add to their Accounts in either store or make payments at either, suiting their own convenience. No extra charges of any kind.